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Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

Chloe: Okay, so there was once this artist that was trying to get to the airport but was frustrated by the lack of signage. So he went and made a road sign in the exact font and style that roads signs are made in and posted it. A few years later the highway people realized it wasn't a legit road sign and took it down. But then people got mad because it was super helpful so they had to make another and put it up.

Ida: High Salt Area. Many thanks to Sierra for providing this answer.

Lily: Last year my modmates stole this cardboard sign from Saga that said "Spice it up! station" and we hung it by our oven, so every time the place got too smoky and the fire alarm sounded, I'd rip it off the wall, and use it to fan at the fire alarm until it stopped beeping. One time I was fanning too aggressively, and I broke the sign almost in half. I felt bad, but it could still do its job for the most part, and I hung it back up in its place of honor.

Ash: Slow children!

Front Cover: Chloe Omelchuck

Back Cover: Chloe Omelchuck

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, the Omen Office or Chloe's mailbox (0369)

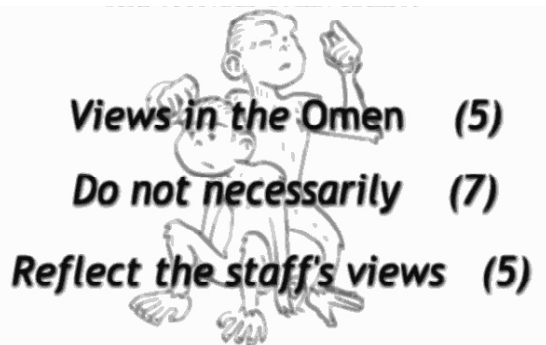
Policy

The Omen is a bimonthly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, online at <http://expelallo.men>, and just about any other place we can find to put it.



EDITORIAL

Chloe Anne Omelchuck

Hello Hampshire,

THE OMEN IS BACK!!!! And since we weren't around last year I'm sure there's some of you wondering what the fuck the Omen is, so allow me to enlighten you. You have hopefully noticed (if you didn't I would seriously question why you are in college at all) that Hampshire is different from other colleges. And no, I don't mean different in the sense that we're socially aware and liberal and all that shit. Lots of colleges and universities have that. What I'm talking about is the fact that Hampshire students act like some sort of breed of liberal cats that couldn't be convinced to work together on anything lest our own issues be forgotten. Feel offended? Don't believe me? Well I dare you to go back in the Omen archive and read about all the crazy shit with student government and Fundcom that was going down in 2012 thru 2014. If you believe that the craziest days of Hampshire were in the drug-induced haze of the 70s you're probably not wrong, but the insanity is far from gone and I don't think we can quite blame the drugs anymore.

My point is (ah, you thought I didn't have one? Such naivete) that Hampshire doesn't have anything that can pass as a student government. The closest thing we've got is Fundcom and all of the student groups running around campus. We don't even have a student newspaper. Want to know the only publication on campus written by students and for students? It's this thing right here! The Omen is the Hampshire student body's voice, its public forum, the place where you can submit anything that's on your mind. Whatever it is, WE WILL PUBLISH IT! And Hampshire students may be incapable of holding together any sort of political organization longer than a few years, but I know for a fact that Hampshire students have strong opinions that they loathe to give up (huh, maybe there's a correlation there).

I, your Omen editrix am an antisocial vampire. Which means that I'm only awake and outside during the day when I have to be in class and am otherwise cloistered in my room reading fanfiction and looking for funny memes. This means I have no clue what is happening on campus (yes, cringe at the awful puns). It is up to you, my fellow Hampshire students, to make the Omen truly great! And trust me, the Omen can be great. If you are looking for a place to publish your creative writing, send it to the Omen. If you are looking for a place to rant to after you couldn't find something you wanted to eat in SAGA, send it to the Omen. If you want to write articles about the best places to sleep around campus, send them to the Omen. If you did a super cool doodle that you want to share with the world, send it to the Omen. If I wasn't clear enough before, we accept everything (that's not libelous or anonymous) and we publish it!

So Hampshire, remember, the Omen loves you. We (or at least our sheep) want your hate.

Chloe Omelchuck (still editrix)

SECTION SPEAK

Black Sheep: First Loss of the Season

By: Lily Friedrich

Hampshire Soccer had their first game today on September 9th 2018 on the Hampshire College Soccer Field. In classic Hampshire fashion I was mistaken about when it started, but luckily I could hear the whistles and yelping of the field all the way from my bedroom window, and I rushed down there only six minutes late. The bleachers were full of fans, most of whom played on the Dino's soccer team. The morning held a chill and most of them wore inside blankets and fashionable sweaters from the 90's. The scoreboard already read 1-0 for the visiting team, Maine. Presque Isle.

The Hampshire College soccer team is appropriately self-reflective, probably because many of us are div 2 students. "It's kind of unfair that they have to play a game before they even had a practice as a team because they don't know each other yet," I said to my friend Gwyn. "They're going to get angry at each other about miscommunication on the field before they even get a chance to bond."

The team has a good soul. But we would appreciate an extension on the season starting. The previous week was specifically for tryouts, and the roster was only announced two days before the game. Our team crowded around the ball, like a herd of sheep in the middle of the field, not looking up to see that they were only a few feet apart from each other. A first-year recruit to the soccer team named Alison countered from behind me, "It could be good because they'll know what their weaknesses are and be able to work on them right away."

I nodded, hoping that would be true. We watched on and noticed that there were two number 19's on our team on the field. "One of them must be wearing the

woman's jersey," Gwyn said.

Lou walked over to the bleachers, "Should I go over to the team right now?" he asked.

"No, you should lay low," Madi, a captain of the team, told him.

Lou sat down, rubbing his hands down his face, mumbling, "Uhg, I overslept," as he took a seat on the bleachers.

Gwyn pushed my arm, "You just missed the greatest fight," she pointing at the field where David Barr (#17) was on the sidelines, seemingly wrapping his arms around a player on the other team, getting into a wrestling match.

"Oh god, I'm the worst journalist ever," I muttered, starting to scribble the scene down as David let go and the Referee's ran up to them.

We watched from the bleachers passively, and talked about our classes. Alison told her friend, "Yeah, the professor said we had to do a work out that burned 870 calories, and then take a picture in front of the machine that we did the workout on, but I did the math, and in order to burn that many calories on a treadmill I'd have to run thirteen minute miles for two hours. Maybe he got the number wrong, but 87 is a big difference from 870." And another person asked someone, "Hey did you read that book yet?" to which they replied, "Um... I'm taking it slow. I'm kind of enjoying it."

Just, then, some serious black sheep action unfolded. A fullback led a streaking mid-fielder who shoveled to

Ta'afaki Moore (#10). He gathered and kicked the ball all the way from the half line at one point, it arched all the way across the field, and went right over the goal. The audience clapped, shouting, "You still got this Black Sheep!" and "Good shot!" Halftime came around quickly, the teams jogged off to the corners of the field to regroup, and the audience chatted amongst themselves. "Did you see that first goal?" a ball boy asked when he came up from the sideline to talk to Alison.

"No," I butted in, "How did it go?"

"It was bad." He shook his head with wide eyes. "I thought it was going to be a 10-0 game right away, it happened in the first two minutes, went right in."

When halftime concluded the bleachers erupted into cheers and enthusiastic bleating in the spirit of the Black Sheep. The two teams ran back to the field, the visitors were overheard saying "put them away 'cause they're trash." The whistle was blown, and our team started with some beautiful passing, moving the ball on the ground from feet to feet, all the way up the field, where Ben Warkov (#12) got the ball to the corner, rolling right on the edge of the line, but he snuck his foot around, and drilled it across, right into the goal where it was caught by the goalie. Oy.

From there things got chippy, with lots of pushing and shoving. "Stop pushing my friends!" someone yelled.

Andre Rossignol (#5 of Me. Presque Isle) shot and scored a goal. "It's alright!" the audience tried to reassure our team. (But two more goals followed.)

We still have a whole season ahead of us. We worry about uniforms. Sinai, a fourth year on the soccer team, commented from beside Gwyn, "I think they have all the shorts, there's only six left."

"What?" I asked.

"Because no one returned their shorts last year," they explained.

"I returned my shorts," I said.

"Me too!" Gwyn complained.

"I don't know they might be buying more," Sinai shrugged.

"What if we have to share shorts?" I asked.

"Ew," Gwyn said.

"We could have a buddy system," I joked.

Sinai added, "You have to share shorts with whoever has your number."

Other team members were focused on the game in front of us. "Somebody play defense!" Lou shouted at his team.

"Somebody..." another person muttered. "Yeah, there's like twelve of you on the field, just one of you on defense please." Our entire team was racing back to their side, after the ball and the other team who rushed toward the goal.

"Go Youssef!" (Boucet #24) was shouted, as he had the ball, and then got tangled with another player. "No, that's not a foul! My friend Youssef wouldn't do that!" The ball switched fields again, getting kicked around in the opponents goal box at the feet of a jumble of players. What happened next was magical. Ta'afaki Moore (#10), somehow having convinced his way back onto the field after having walked off twice in that same game, kicked the ball and it landed in the goal. The Black Sheep went wild, gathering in the middle of the field to celebrate their first goal of the season, pushing each other, pats on the back, and the audience was frantically shouting, "That's my son!" "That's my friend!" and "I know that guy!"

That one goal gave us a high that carried on, because right in the next play, Ta'afaki Moore (#10) got the ball again and passed it up the field to Emilio Valverde

(#1) in the corner, who shot on goal and would have made it in if it weren't for the pesky goalie (Caleb Thompson #35 of Me. Presque Isle).

Madi, a soccer captain said, "I love this team. We can make fun of them for two hours then they make a goal and I'm so excited."

The game was close to over, the other team got the ball again, and rushed it up to an empty field where defense was nowhere to be seen, but Ben Warkov (#12) raced along with them, and in a daring save, he kicked the ball into the air, in the direction of our own goal, and it sailed right over the top. To say the least, the last five minutes of the game was exciting, and then the whistle blew and the two teams went back to get water and slap hands in good sportsmanship.

Madi yelled, "We gotta do the thing!"

"Oh the thing!" I yelled back at her, jumping from my seat, "I love the thing!"

"What's the thing?" someone asked.

"You know, the thing! It's great, come on!" I gestured for everyone to follow us to the sideline of the field.

"But what's the thing?"

"We're just cheering for them," Madi said when we got to the field, standing there on the line, waiting for our team with high spirits. They started jogging toward us in the end-of-game-cooldown across the field.

"Oh, look, they're keeping the line straight," Isabel, another soccer player, commented.

"This is the season of straight lines," Madi said.

We clapped and cheered, hooted and whistled, and most importantly baa'ed. When they made it all the way to us, we gave them high fives and sent them on their way back across the field to throw themselves on the grass in a big circle and talk about how the game

went, what they need to work on, what they did well, and how they can improve for the next game on the 15th of September 2018 at 3 pm at the Hampshire soccer field. Although Hampshire College lost 4-1 today, this first game leaves a crisp autumn air of promising hope for Black Sheep Soccer.

IS THE OMEN ALIVE? AN EMAIL FROM A CONCERNED ALUMNUS.

HELLO OMENITES,

HELLO!? There's still omenites right?!

Here I am starting grad school and I hear a horrible rumor that the Omen is in a Coma!!??

LISTEN when I was in the Omen we had an editor suddenly drop out (as Hampshire students do), and an editor was hospitalized, and a couple editors were Div IIIs!!! That never stopped us!! Are you going to let one little study abroad stop the Omen!? The omen doesn't DIE!!! It won't rise from the ashes like some kind of THE PHOENIX it won't have a the climax there will be no the ashes the omen will always the live on and on forever!!!

Like, listen, I know that ""free speech"" has a bad rap these days but the Omen isn't about ""free speech"" it's about Free Speak! And also free Lies and free Hate!

Maybe the Omen needs some new branding that better describes what it is now that our horrible facetious words have been stolen by literal fucking nazis (what the FUCK happened after I left the Omen SHEESH.)

You need a way to get across what the Omen is all about! A bunch of probably queer mentally ill people having a fun time genuinely enjoying bad campy shit

because we don't think we're better than it. It's about writing funny stuff about campus drama and removing the barriers to being heard put up against people too weird or hated to get published in institutions controlled by THE MAN. Sure, the Omen may have been founded by conservative libertarians but when you're open to everyone it turns out you get a lotta anarchist trans people who wanna publish a hundred different photoshopped photos of the president holding babies and being a small bird. (wow, JLaSh is retiring... I hope you're able to make the next president just as arbitrarily amusing as we did)

I'm not talking about literal fucking nazis when I say people who are so hated they don't get heard! When we got that proto-nazi shit sent to us we just reduced the margins and shrunk the font size until it was unreaable and when the racist shit got mad that we put a content warning in front of his article we made the entire issue a mockery of his response, including publishing his article side by side with a version auto-generated by a markov chain. There's ways you can ""publish"" stuff you'd rather no-platform.

No, see, In MY day we told cis men to pee in the woods if they didn't like all-gender bathrooms and published how much of the ten plagues of egypt you could purchase with the Halloween budget. We were some controversial hot leftist shit back in my day. We got so many angry letters from people who thoughts it was rude to tell students to be nice to SAGA workers! The Omen is about speaking truth to power, publishing bad poetry and fanfiction, and making sexy badger calendar photos!

You know what the Omen is also about? History, community, and connections! The Omen has more institutional memory than anywhere on campus. Our archives are fucking awesome! (if I do so say myself, even if my website for it is kinda broken now and i never got around to digitizing everything.) I've made such important alumni connections through the Omen and look at me now! Alive! That's pretty sweet right?

So! Spring 2018 marks the Omen's 25th anniversary!

And traditionally we'd have a big omen anniversary party and alumni reunion! I understand if this year you can't get the pig roast but COME ON can you at least be ALIVE?! These reunions are a blast and a great way to uhhhhh Network. Organize it!! You know there's Omen alumni who work at Marvel Comics?! It's true! We're a big deal. We're the closest thing Hampshire has to one of those honor societies with the greek letters except everyone can join and we spent an entire layout watching Score!: A Hockey Musical and then we did it again. You won't regret it! We're all really cool! Honest! Only people this cool would care so much about some weird zine they made when they were teenagers in college.

Good luck with finals! Or with add/drop? I have no idea what your Aliveness Status is but please please recruit some new weirdos and publish your horrible beautiful wonderful terrible everything some more.

xoxoxoxoxoxo,
Shel Raphen/Shelley Rosen/J*** I** F12
Sent to the Omen email in 2017F



Black Sheep: Hampshire vs. Central Maine

by Lily Friedrich

September 15th 2018

Game day began in the OPRA conference room with a jumble of players searching through bins for brand new pairs of shorts (All of the Dinos were very pleased to find out that they didn't have to share shorts the Rhinos). They also ruffled through old white jerseys to find their respective numbers; someone pointed out the yellow pit stains on theirs, wondering if maybe there was another shirt they could use? But the real trouble that morning started with piercings, "You have to take them out," Coach Meg told everyone. "No, you can't put tape over them, if the Ref's see you with a piercing in, they'll stop the game and make a big fuss about it."

Madeline Mackey, (#7) was having difficulties getting her cartilage piercings out. She sat in a chair for twenty minutes, fighting the pain by gripping her knees as her teammates swarmed around, each one pinching at the flat-back earrings that refused to be removed, leaving with Mackey's blood under their fingernails. "Does anyone need pliers?" Sinai Herrera Vargas (#15) asked as they walked into the room. I made eye contact and pointed toward the group surrounding Mackey. They wound up with two pliers, sanitary spray and Q-tips, remarking, "this feels like a surgery."

"Okay everyone, get down to the field, come on," Coach Meg directed, hoping that we would look uniformed and put together. Kiara "Kiki" Badillo (#19) stayed behind to assist Mackey having had previous experience with flat-backs, eventually removing the earring with time to spare. But for the rest of the team, our act of uniformity was put off when we came to the field to find Central Main CC's Mustangs already warming up on the field, dressed in bright red, with pure red soccer balls like an intimidating cherry on top. As we did our warm up lap around the field, trying our best to stay in pairs of

two in a straight line, one of our Captains consoled, "It's okay, we could be like them, we just don't have money."

Before I tell you about the game, I would like to take a moment to acknowledge my own bias in writing these articles. The other teams that we play against will never get as much credit or details as they should. Why Hampshire College OPRA thought it was a good idea for one of its own athletes to write about their own team is unclear to me aside from the possibility that no one else wanted to do it. Either way it compliments my Div. If it wasn't clear before now that my main point of interest isn't about who wins the game, then I would like you to reconsider Hampshire College as an institution and meditate on the phrase Non Satis Scire.

Like every other game, I started on the bench. It provided an opportunity to jot down notes, like how our team joking about our cheers before the game started, Quin Carey (#24) trying out, "Ba-ba Black Sheep!" then "Ba-ba Dinos?" and taking it even further, "Ba-ba Rawr?" The decision to differentiate the teams by calling them Rhino's and Dino's challenged players identities, raising the question of how to be a Black Sheep and a Dinosaur at the same time? Soccer Captain Isabel Anderson (#17) settled the discussion, "Above all we're all still the Black Sheep, we're only the Dino's when we're talking about the Rhino's."

The first noticeable thing about the game was that no one remembered how to mark. Marking is a useful tool for when the opponents have possession of the ball, an example being a Black Sheep picking one Mustang player to stand by and guard between the opponent and the ball, or the opponent and the goal. There were several times when the ball would get closer than comfortable to our goal, and Dani Figueroa (#5) would rush in to kick it out, far up the field.

Isabel Anderson (#17) got one shot on goal, and Gwyn “Debs” Burns (#21) was close to another shot on goal but fell over the goal keeper, Skyler Henry (#22 of Central Maine CC). But for all the messy playing, every time Central Maine CC got the ball past our last line of defense, our brand-new goal keeper, Cat Pomeroy (#25) dove fearless for the ball, scooping it into her arms like a beloved child. Cat made eighteen saves throughout the game, causing the bench to chatter among themselves, “Someone needs to bring her out to ice cream after we’re done.”

“Yeah Lucie!” the bench shouted as Lucie Tremblay (#6) made runs up the field. “I didn’t know she was that fast.” And someone else said, “I love that feeling when you’re on the field and you’re like I didn’t know where that came from.”

It was at that moment when the ball was kicked up in the air, sailing across the field, and Sofi Ward (#4) saw it with eager eyes, running up to where it would fall, ready to trap it. She wasn’t alone in this idea, another player from Central Maine CC ran up from the opposite direction, they both jumped toward the ball as it fell toward them, Sofi rammed her head forward, hitting the ball away and smacking her forehead into the other players face in the process. She was down for the count, holding her face as she knelt on the ground before the Referees ran up to her. “When did Sofi get on the field?” someone asked since Sofi had planned to sit this game out because of all the piercings in her face.

Coach Meg turned to us as Sofi ran toward us holding her forehead, “she had just taken out her piercings, that’s why she’s on the field.” Coach Meg turned back to Sofi as she crossed the line, “Go to the trainer.” And during that fiasco, Kiara “Kiki” Badillo (#19) broke past Central Maine CC’s defense and made a goal only for it to be called offsides. “Guys,” Soccer Captain Madi Chassin (#10) declared, “Is sports not the most dramatic thing in the world?”

“Lily, go in for Debs,” Coach Meg called out. I jumped, knocking my water bottle off the bench, and throwing my notebook down behind me. “Oh my, you’re so excited.” And I was, skipping up to the

sideline to get my shot at playing. Though I must say that the adrenaline was too much, and I cannot recall any of the plays, a downfall of reporting on my own team.

Halftime was called, and the Dino’s made their way down the hill to the small patch of welcoming shade underneath trees, touching elbows and knees so everyone could fit. “We’re doing all right especially for our first game of the season,” Madi Chassin (#10) told the team. “There’s nothing I need to address, we’re playing well, we’re communicating. We have to keep it up and get a goal. But this is a really good first game.”

Coach Meg made some suggestions, “Lucie, Gwyn, when you run it up the side I want you to take that extra step and orient your hips to face it diagonally toward the goal, ‘cause now you’re just flubbing it ‘cause you’re trying to cross your leg in front of your hips, and it doesn’t work. Take that extra step to face toward the goal, and then swing your leg.”

Madi lead us back to the field, “We might be doing our pump up too early, but we need to go over it first, so it doesn’t matter.” She called for everyone to follow her onto the field and form a circle. “We’re the type of team that does a pump up before the game and during halftime.” The soccer captains, Madi Chassin (#10), Isabel Anderson (#17), and Claire Shillington (#11) stood inside the circle to teach the newbies the cheer. “So first it goes Pump, pump, pump it up, and it’s a call and repeat, until we get to a line where we’ll yell ‘are we fired up?’ and you’ll say ‘yes we’re fired up,’ and then ‘are we gonna win?’ and you’ll say ‘yes we’re gonna win,’ and then ‘fired up, gonna win,’ and we end on ‘goooo~ Black Sheep!’ okay? Let’s do this.” The captains started hopping back and forth, and the new team encircled them, but was still hesitant to wrap their arms around each-other’s shoulders. The cheer was successful even when Isabel Anderson messed up a line in the middle because it’s not about the lines, it’s about the energy we get from yelling at the top of our lungs, from screaming “Black Sheep!” as we part ways, the starters jogging out to their positions on the field, and the bench warmers still

frenzied, cheering on their teammates.

Erika Leach (#8) had three shots on goal in the second half, each time effortlessly gaining control of the ball, running with it up the side of the field where no defender came to pressure her, and then as she got closer to the eighteen line, kicking it too late or too soon, right to Central Maine CC's goalkeeper, Skyler Henry (#22). Coach Meg consoled from the sideline, "It's okay, just next time take one more step in." Erika looked at Coach Meg with a forced smile as she ran back down the field to defend.

Central Maine CC scored two goals in the second half, winning the game, but the Black Sheep weren't too dismayed. We went back to the shade of our trees, sitting down for our postgame recap. "We need to trim these branches," Coach Meg pulled at the leaves that hung in her face as she was trying to talk.

"Meg, there's some leaves in your pocket," Quin Carey (#24) interrupted, joking, "I know you want to take them home."

Coach Meg rolled her eyes, pulling the leaves out of her pocket, and going on to say that despite the loss, we played really well for a team that has never played together before, and "has only had one practice on the field together," since the whole last week was too rainy to threaten the quality of the field with our cleats. We might have started the season on a loss, but with seven more games ahead of us, we know we have plenty of time to find our shape, figure out how to work together, and develop a telepathic mind link to improve our communication on the field.



YOU DON'T NEED FRIENDS (YET)

BY IDA KAO

Over lunch at The Bridge one afternoon, I angsted to one of my former orientation leaders about whether I belonged at Hampshire. Several experiences, or lack thereof, had suggested a degree of complacency at Hampshire I was uncomfortable with. As I rambled about my discontented first two weeks, I found myself wondering why I had no real friends, along with the realization that, in a way, I had done this to myself deliberately. I had no desire to be close with people I barely knew and almost certainly had nothing in common with. I had fallen out with my group of friends in high school over their expressions of apathy after an ethnic slur had been hurled at me, and I was disinclined to repeat that experience at Hampshire. Subconsciously, I had decided that friendship would grow naturally and seeking out people with the intent of becoming friends was too tasking to be worth undertaking. If I found someone worth being friends with, it would happen eventually. Whether that would serve me well in the long run, however, was still a creeping worry.

I did not mention this realization to my older, much wiser conversation partner. I only asked when friends would be made when my tutorial-mates had already mostly clustered off into friend groups. They told me that they found it quite amusing to see the first semester students making “anxiety friends” in an attempt to replicate the support networks they had in high school, since they knew those friendships would inevitably fall apart. It was an experience they had gone through themselves a year before, and they too had nothing in common with their anxiety friends.

So, my fellow Division I students, here comes the lesson at the end of masturbatory self-reflective articles like these. I, the enlightened author, tell you to take some time to practice self-care. Maybe I instruct you to drink some herbal tea and savor the subtle

flavors, or create a nest out of your blankets and lay in it enjoying the peace and quiet in your room. That fuzzy pink Hello Kitty blanket is just waiting for some quality cuddling. I might even suggest some self-love, if you're still in the “hormonal teenager” phase and you can't stand alone time without letting your hands wander down yonder. In reality, I am telling you to **CALM. THE FUCK. DOWN.** in the politest way possible. Stop running around and trying to recreate the degree of intimacy you developed over several years with your high school friends in one week. You will probably never hang out with them again after a few months. After the class you're taking together is over and the schedules don't line up, you will drift apart. And maybe you'll be a little sad that it's over, but let's face it; the friendship happened because the other person was convenient. They were there and you latched onto them, and they latched onto you. Not because you were destined to be best buds forever.

This is what I want to say, because I think it's true. And I love a good meta, self-aware snarkfest just as much as the next person. But obviously, I have no idea if that's true. I'm in my first few weeks of Division I just like any other first semester student who happens to be riffing off of what one Division II student told me. I don't know any better, particularly because I have no anxiety friends to speak of. Maybe I will be a friendless loser for the rest of my time at Hampshire because everyone else stayed with their convenient anxiety friends until they were on their deathbed. But for now I'm content to not have any friends, and maybe those of you with anxiety friends will find some true friends among them.

SECTION LIES

HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE GOTHIC BY MAYA GILMORE

You are taking a class called 'The Entomology of Death: Evidence from Cultural Phrenology'. You do not talk about entomology, or death, or cultural phrenology. You do not know what these things are. Why did you sign up for this class? You cannot remember what you are studying.

You have not been outside in two months.

You are asked to introduce yourself. Your mind is empty. In class, the professor instantly memorizes the names of all seventeen students. Lisa has stolen your name.

You are trying to study, but you cannot escape the malevolent fog of stress.

At night rhythmic thumping noises surround you on all sides. You turn over listlessly. Someone groans, screams, 'oh, oh god!'. The voices do not sound like your dorm mates. You have never seen the things wearing your dorm mates' faces. You have never seen your dorm mates.

You look at your notes. They have metamorphosed into your adviser's name, written over and over in unnerving red script. Your pen is sparkly, and blue, and sustainable. You did not write this.

You have found your datemate in the woods. They always appear at twilight, their hair lavender and their glasses opaque. You are in love.

You are a div I; your email is end22@hampshire.edu. No one will tell you how long you have been here.

You budget an hour to walk to the bus stop. It is not enough.

Your hair is a different color every time you look in the mirror. You do not recognize the shape of your nose. Your voice sounds like the morning sun. You are an imposter inside a stranger's body.

The compost smells like rotting meat. Saga has been serving only potatoes and rice for four days.

The bell rings and rings and rings. There are not that many Div IIIs. There are not that many students.

There is a party in the woods. You hear voices behind every tree, but there is no one there when you look. It is dark. >>>cont. page 11

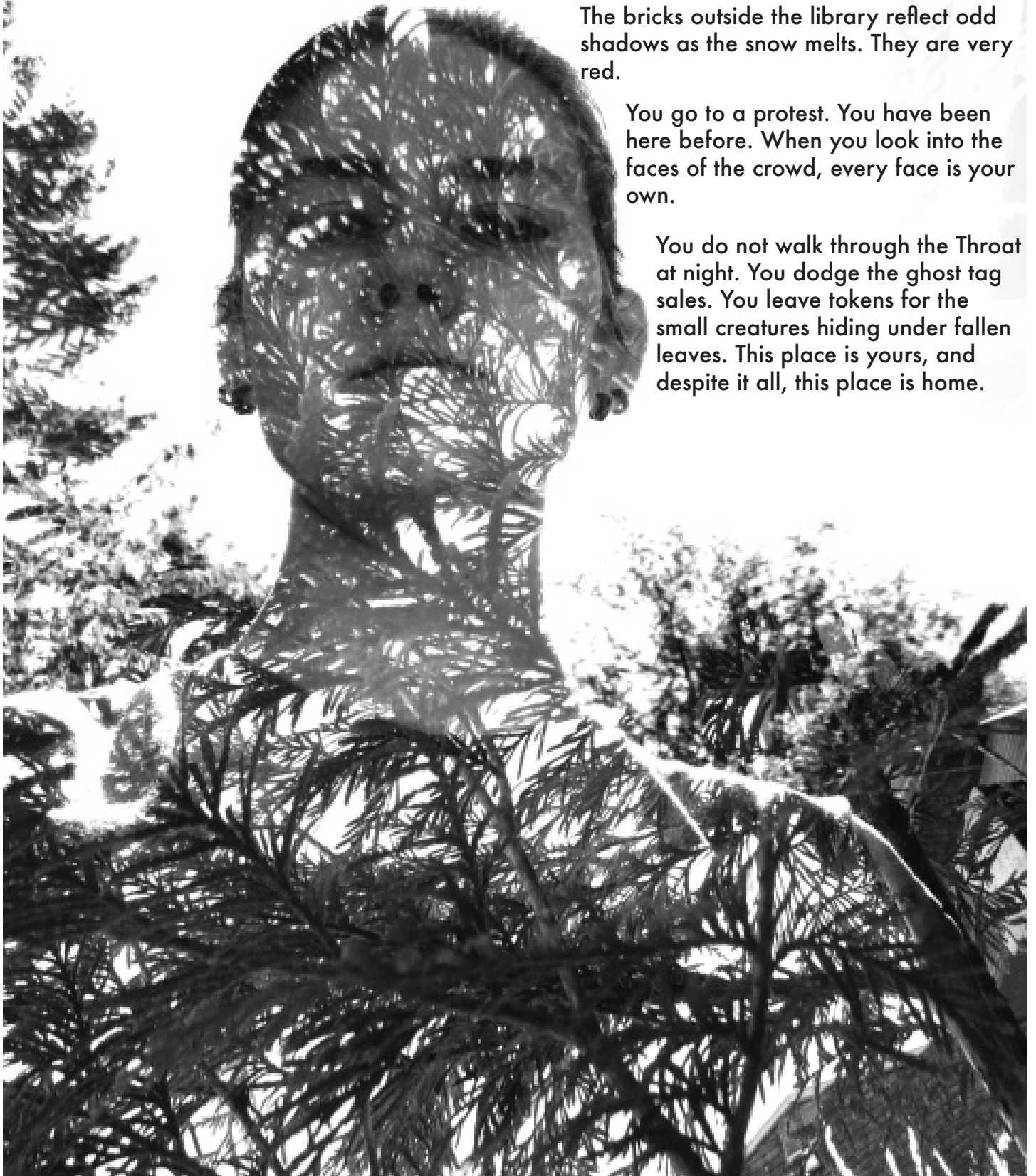
cont. from page 10 >>>

There are too many stars. You cannot stop watching them. You cannot stop crying.

The bricks outside the library reflect odd shadows as the snow melts. They are very red.

You go to a protest. You have been here before. When you look into the faces of the crowd, every face is your own.

You do not walk through the Throat at night. You dodge the ghost tag sales. You leave tokens for the small creatures hiding under fallen leaves. This place is yours, and despite it all, this place is home.



^photo submitted by: Chloe Omelchuck

you've heard of elf on
the shelf
now get ready for



submitted by: Jgardz

"Are JLash memes still a thing? Is it in poor taste to make JLash memes when the poor man's about to retire? Oh well."

A NEW ERA: MIM THE MEM

AND EVERYBODY IS READY TO

Miriam Nelson talks about becoming the new Hampshire College president



DIG IN

Submitted by: Chloe Omelchuck and Lily Friedrich

Girlfriend's Fathers

By: Owen Nied

They'll find out you play guitar. They'll ask you how many Skynyrd songs you can play. You'll reply "I don't know that one, but here's a classic jazz ballad." They'll peek out from behind doorways assuming one can go from pleasant conversation to hardcore porn sex in a matter of milliseconds. All boys are the same right? They'll find out you listen to records together alone in a dimly lit room, they'll get personally offended even though nothing was going on. They'll ask about your future plans donning bathrobe, slippers and obscenely large coffee cup. They'll assume your kind eyes are just like putting a Hello Kitty bandaid on a ticking time bomb of male hormones. They'll assume laughter means sex, watching a movie together means sex, listening to jazz, is not only dangerous, but another coverup for sex, long walks in the rain, is sex. Girlfriend's father is not wrong. Behind the oversized bathrobe and unshaven face, is a knight in shining armor who woke up one day, and realized his daughter didn't want to play make-believe anymore.

THE RULES OF WIZARDRY:

- 1) MAGIC CAN ONLY EVER ACT ON OTHER MAGIC
- 2) THE FIRST LAW OF WIZARDRY IS BULLSHIT
- 3) THE LAWS OF WIZARDRY ARE RANKED IN POTENCY ACCORDING TO ORDER



**◀WHAT KIND
OF FUCKERY IS
THIS?**

photo submitted by: Chloe Omelchuck



RANDOM THOUGHTS ABOUT COMMON TROPES.

BY CHLOE DMELCHUCK

MARRIAGE CONTEST

Contests to win the princess' hand are even more demeaning than an actual arranged marriage. A contest where, in theory, anyone can win assumes that who the princess marries doesn't truly matter. And since the princess herself has no say of the outcome, this tells her that even though it doesn't matter who she marries, she cannot be trusted to make a good choice for herself. Instead they'll leave it up to fate and chance. It also sends a message to the men that the only way that they can be worthy is through strength of arms (assuming that is how the contest is constructed).

VIVA LA REVOLUCION!

Think about the difference between the stock market and ordinary jobs. Why should we reward high risk? There are some people that are good at high-risk things, and high risk things are sometimes necessary, but people who thrive on risk have little business deciding the fate of others, because it is inherently true that the more people are involved the more risky a venture becomes and with far greater consequences. It is consistency and long hard work by which people should be governed. Traditional heroes should not run governments.

GENDERED GIFTS FROM YOUR FAIRY GODMOTHER

Gifts can have unexpected consequences. The fairy gave the gifts of all men being charmed by her smile, of beauty, and of virtue. Only problem is the fairy who gave his gifts was somewhat confused as to their gender- which is male. The gifts result in him attracting men, not women. The "charm," because it was such a vague warning, gives him a number of powers over any man that he shows his smile to.

BALANCED, YOU SAY?

Balance in the force- not balance within individuals? You would think that a person who could balance dark and light within themselves is the true master- not because the light must constantly fight the dark (because the dark is always there or some such nonsense-now that I think about it, that's somewhat christian (original sin)), but because there must be darkness alongside the light.

WHAT'S UP WITH ALL THE HOT MENS ON THIS "QUEST"

"We've been together for four years." She held up her left hand, and they suddenly realized that there was a ring there a little fancier than the others. On the fourth finger.

"Oh shit," they said. They hadn't noticed with all the other rings and jewelry. She laughed. "That's what I said."

"Congratulations. So, that's it?"

"Yeah. I don't know what's up with this quest that there's all these hot guys running around, but I'm quite happy already."

COULD YOU TRY FOR SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE PROPHETIC?

"What is your name?"

"Sharon Jones."

"Sharon Jones?"

She just nodded. The creature made a face.

"What?" She asked it, now feeling a little bit put out. The creature had seemed to excited to see her a second ago.

"What kind of name is Sharon Jones?" It grumbled. "That doesn't sound auspicious at all."

"Sorry to disappoint," she said testily.



Theft at the Zoological Gardens

by Simon Fields

They were twain and yet they were one. The sanity of each depended on ignorance of the other. Both were born to the same mother, Susan Spencer, on a hot August day in 1838. Mixed up at birth, one identical twin thought that he had a twin sister, Natalie, and the other grew up without siblings of any kind. Their faces were not their only completely shared features: in every other particular they looked the same, moved the same; their very mannerisms and vocal idiosyncrasies were singular in the extreme. Though they spent one and twenty years never meeting, they were often remarkably close. The great odds of probability held that the meeting of the twain or the mistaking of one for the other was inevitable, and now both events approached with the certainty of Father Time.

One December day in 1859, shortly after finishing his apprenticeship at a glassblowing foundry, Mark Spencer had made his way to London's Zoological Gardens. If Mark were on his way to a long day at the foundry he would have worn his neat, sturdy paper hat and an apron over his waistcoat. Today was Boxing Monday, however, and since most of the other glassblowers didn't go to the foundry on Boxing Monday, Mark felt comfortable whiling away his hours elsewhere. The Zoo was a good elsewhere to go on Monday; admission was halved, from a shilling to sixpence.

Mark wore a slightly tattered beaver top hat. Beaver top hats were just going out of fashion, but Mark made do with one. The hat partially covered Mark's neatly trimmed yet wavy head of sand brown hair. He was thinking of growing his whiskers out much further but he hadn't made up his mind. Mark had blue tinted eyes, an aquiline nose and a sturdy jaw, not unlike John Bull's jaw, and the same in all particulars as the jaw of Sir Harry Galton, Baronet.

Though Sir Harry's facial features were the same as Mark's his hat was markedly different. His was taller and made of silk. Sir Harry's cravat was made of a softer silk, though this goes without saying. Oddly enough, Sir Harry was also thinking of growing his whiskers in the Post-Crimean style, he also hadn't quite yet made the plunge.

Mark and Sir Harry are seated back to back, their bodies separated by two benches and one oak tree. Mark looks out at a bear climbing a pole within his gated area. Mark only has to close his eyes to imagine a rather gory scene, a scene of dogs let loose on bears in the bloody pits of England in the age of Shakespeare. The gated bear evoked rather different images in the mind of Count Nikolai Ignatieff.

Sir Harry, on the other hand, can see a noble beast who manages to evoke far more romantic notions. The great plodding elephant, adorned as she is with Eastern accouterments, reminds everyone of the newly reconfigured Raj. Before '57, the elephant's eyes seemed placid and content to all passersby, yet since that time the elephant's eyes took on a much wilder, more defiant form. Not half so wild or defiant as the tiger's eyes, which always made visitors thank their stars for the gate betwixt the prowling tiger and the roaming tourists.

Elephants, tigers, and the lands that they had been taken from were all looming large in the minds of three eminent gentlemen surveying the gate.

One, speaking in deep, slightly clipped Yorkshire cadence, says, "I've long said, only a policy of bayonet and saber can do us any good in India. Force is the only thing traitorous wretches will understand."

"Well," says another, wearing a bright yellow bow tie, blue waistcoat, and green frock, "The issue is," carefully pronouncing the 's' sound in issue, "you've been saying this for so long that after we subdued 'em with the right amount of force, you still repeat it as if the massacres were yesterday."

"Aye, it's true, we've licked 'em for now, but at any time the Rooshians could excite the Hindus into firing on our boys. Our boys in red, what bring them telegraph lines and industry and civilization. No use in that, or in Christianizing 'em. No, only one thing for it. I say — bring 'em law, bring 'em order, and use all the shot that's needed to do it!"

As the eminent Yorkshireman finished his oration, Bartholemew Rudd, Constable, looked on as benignly as any London Peeler would, especially at the thought of Law and Order being brought to some far off lands in "Hindoostan". Count Ignatieff was still chuckling about the "Rooshian" troublemakers, though his chuckle was not the laugh of a stereotypically evil conspirator. He laughed despite himself, and in spite of his desire to remain inconspicuous in his white suit.

As if animated by repellent magnetic force, Mark and Harry arose from their benches, the tree blocking out their view of each other, and each walks his own way to other parts of the zoo. Mark makes his way to see the monkey house as Sir Harry wanders in the direction of the hippopotamus.. Mark made his way past a cage of tiny monkeys jostling with and jumping past each other, and begins staring at a fully grown ape.



Today Mark isn't alone. A gathering of sagely gentlemen stands next to him.

One of these sages glances at his pocket watch, observing that the time is seven past eleven in the morning.

"Well," says one particularly old and greying sage. "What do you think? Do you see a man's face?" The ape's eyes met those of the greying gentlemen. A wry, quizzical smile curved over the lips of the ape's mouth, as his hand began rubbing his own posterior — well, his arse.

Another sage wearing a brown frock coat began chuckling and exclaiming, "man in his primal form. His primate form. Ha! Primal primate. Primate primal... Without question what we'd do if we weren't reared to do otherwise."

The greying sage stared disapprovingly at the brown coated young sage, and then, even more disapprovingly at the ape. His furrowed grey brow looked severe, before softening. "I was brought up in a different time. In my day, the fastest way to go from London to Liverpool was by stagecoach. Ladies still curtsied, Parishes took more adequate care of the poor, and we were all taught that we were the

descendants of Adam, Eve and the will of an almighty creator. Now, we fly from London to Liverpool on steaming, swaying, creaking, speeding trains. Ladies curtsy less, Parishes skimp on their poorest charges, and Mankind is the grandson of a crude bottom scratching brutish ape!"

"But do you take the view of the Bishops in calling evolution a fraud?"

"No, I believe it. We behave more and more bestially as time goes on."

Two little children, a boy and a girl who both wear long hair (gold and auburn in hue) and petticoats over their mini crinolines enter the monkey house. Unaccompanied by parents or governess, the two little tykes start skipping through the room as they sing, "_____".

"What charming children," says the man in the brown frock.

"Yes, but such manners," replies the exasperated greying gentleman.

"Well we are all men of the World, gentlemen of science and progress," a third gentleman observes.

He has the stubble of a beard just starting to grow on his chin, as well as bushy fiery red side whiskers, which seem to quake in self-congratulation. "We four are in agreement that our species is descended from apes. The next questions prove trickier still. Who belongs to *our* species — did all people descend from the same apes at the same time? Are some more evolved than others?"

"Goodness gracious, I should hope I'm more evolved than the average lowly draymen or dairy maid." A fourth sage interjects.

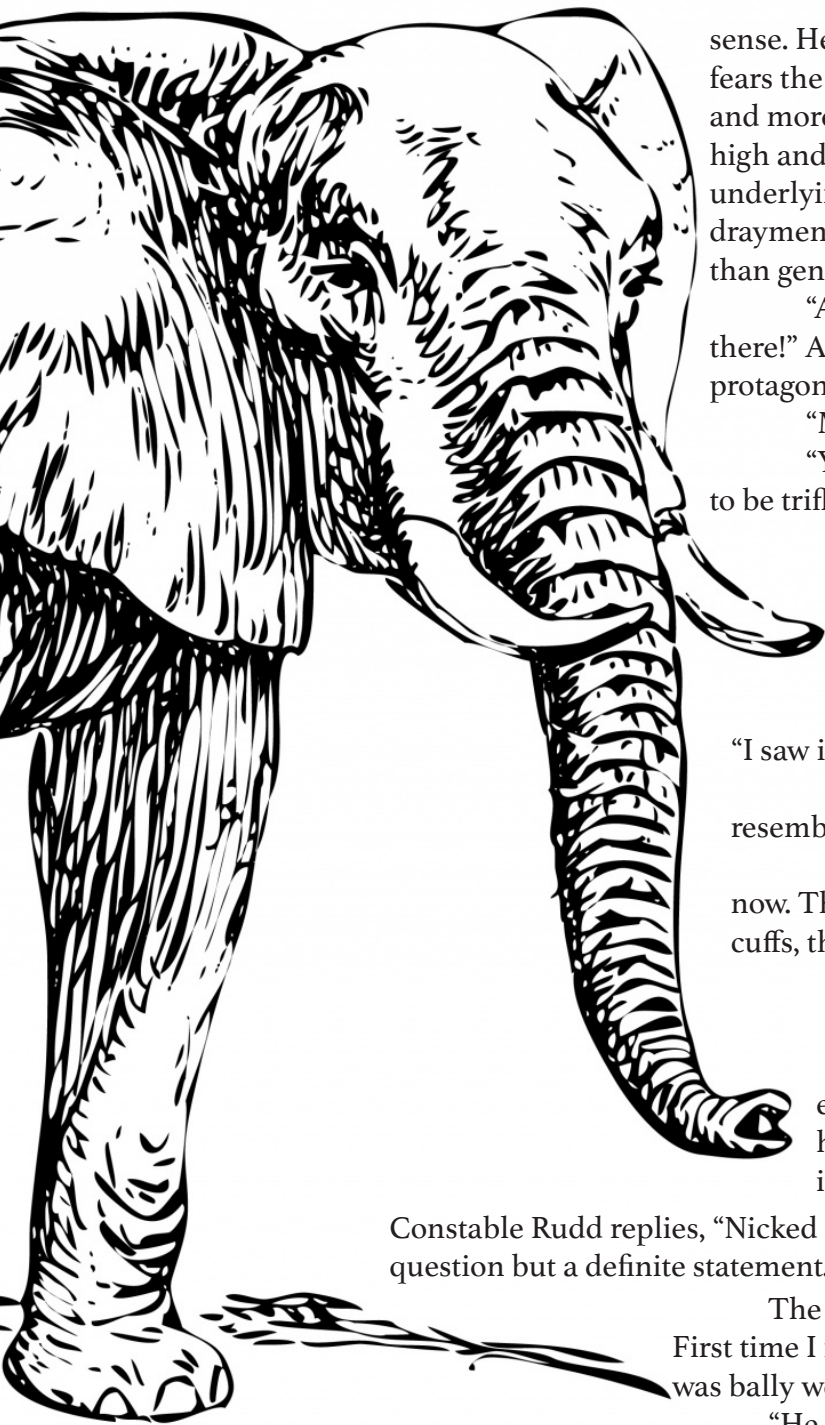
"Or more evolved then some exotic brute committing excesses at Crawnpore," interjects the red whiskered gent. The red whiskered gentleman would have confidently, yet placidly dismissed ideas of racial equality if he were speaking three years ago. Today, such ideas make him shudder, as atrocities must only be things other peoples are capable of.

"There is but one species." The greying gentleman insists. "We are all human beings, of the Homo sapiens, we all descended from this ape. If there is one beautiful thing coming from Darwin's ugly, heathenly new revelations, it is surely that." The greying man is a dyed in the wool abolitionist, and he still remembers posters that implored him: Am I not a brother and a man?

"I don't see that Darwin said so in Origins, nor indeed, what is more, I certainly saw no proof for it." The red whiskered fellow was bothered by the greying gents sublimely contrary certainty.

"Nay, surely there is only one species of humanity. Any variation in hair, skin color or other traits can be attributed to climate; some peoples may be more or less civilized, yet surely if you take one child from a primitive society and raise him here she'll be just as civilized as the next Englishwoman."

As the sagely gentlemen carry on, Mark stands near them, and only passively in the most superficial



sense. He is eager speak up, and join the conversations yet he fears the consequences of interjecting. Here are four strangers, and moreover, four learned gentleman, capable of acting high and mighty. Mark shuddered at the snobbish conceit underlying the remark on draymen — Mark had known draymen in his time. Were draymen really any less evolved than gentlemen? Were glassblowers?

“Aye!” Mark’s pondering comes to an abrupt end. “You there!” A London Bobby is approaching our absent minded protagonist.

“Me, Governor?”

“Yes, you.” Constable Bartholomew Rudd is in no mood to be trifled with. “I saw you with my own eyes, snatching a

London Zoo bird, sneaking ‘im into a bird cage, and handing it off to some confederate. “

“Honest, governor, I had nothing to do with it.”

“Nothing eh?” Constable Rudd’s face flushes crimson. “I saw it with me own eyes! Do you call me a liar?”

“No but you must be mistaken! Maybe someone resembles me, —“

“Now now, enough of that talk. Give me your hands now. There we go.” Just as the constable was putting Mark in cuffs, the greying sage interjects.

“When pray tell, did you see this man steal the bird?”

“What’s it to you?”

“Curiosity, mere curiosity.” He looked uninterested enough. Somehow uttering the word curiosity made him seem less curious, less personally invested in preventing the Constable’s arrest. Reassured,

Constable Rudd replies, “Nicked it not five minutes ago, didn’t he?” This was not a question but a definite statement.

The red whiskered gentleman says, “Well, I’ll be dashed. First time I noticed him here was when you called his name, but I was bally well distracted.”

“He was here for a long time,” the greying gentleman says, “I distinctly remember glancing at my watch a few seconds before I saw him arrive here, out of the corner of my eye. Since that time, I glanced his way, and he never left.”

“Since what time?”

“Since seven past eleven. I observe that,” he takes out his pocket watch again, opens it, and says, “It is now twenty past. He couldn’t have been, what term did you use? Nicking the bird. Not five minutes ago, at any rate.”

“You say that you saw him here intermittently. Couldn’t he have snuck off to steal a bird, and then come back to establish his alibi?”

“They were irregular glances. I doubt it, though I can’t rule it out entirely.”

“I can,” says the good natured brown coated sage. “I was standing here, at such an angle that I saw him standing where he is since he arrived, when my learned friend had just put away his watch.”

“Well, I’ll be...” the confused constable doesn’t finish his sentence. Then he turns towards Mark, looks him over with eyes as sharp as a hawk’s. “You got off lucky today, but I’ll be keeping my eyes on you so you best behave, savvy?”

“Savvy. Always do behave gov.”

“That’s governor to you and I’ll have none of your lip.” The confused, dejected constable went along on his way, leaving Mark Spencer to sigh with a profound sense of relief and gratitude.

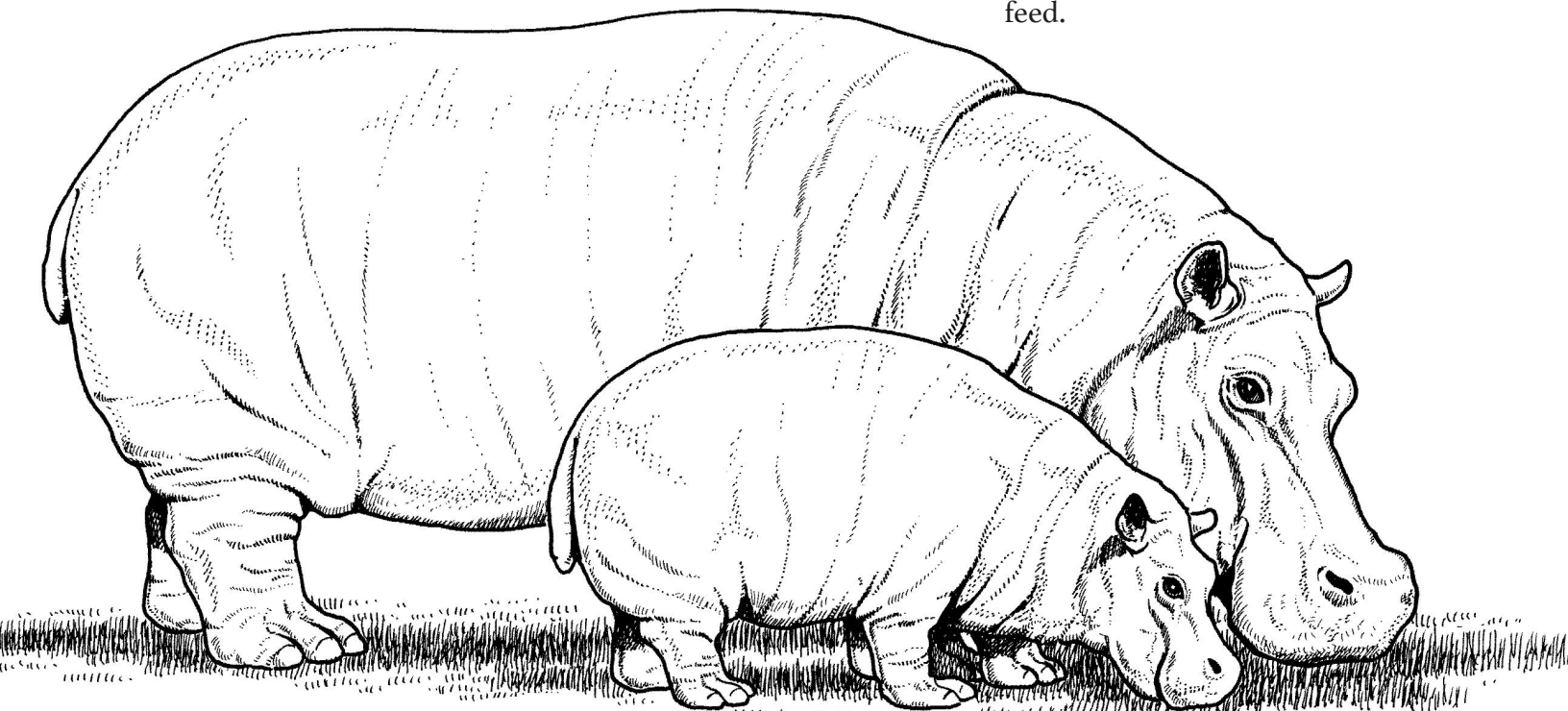
Sir Harry Galton saw fit to leave the zoo in haste, lest he had been seen. As he views the street from the comfort of his hansom cab, his back sinks into the luxuriant cushions. Cobblestones, however, rock his seat. The cabbie sits behind and above Harry, chewing tobacco, reticent to whip his beloved spotted horse until his passenger taps the ceiling with his cane.

“Faster! Blast you, Faster! Wallop the bloody horse and get a move on will you?”

“Yes sir!” The cabman shouts before muttering under his breath. Though the cabbie’s muttering is unintelligible I have it on good authority that it has to do with passengers and manners and concludes quietly — yet with emphatic suspicion: What’s his bloody hurry, anyways?

Sir Harry believed that it had been a smooth pull. After convincing a Zookeeper that it was a good idea to surrender the uniform — at the point of a fine sharp sword drawn from a Baronet’s cane — and to keep quiet — with help from a one pound note, the rest was simple. (One pound sterling was more than the zookeeper made in a week). “You will get one additional pound sterling if you keep quiet. My people will stick a saber in you if you don’t. Or else I’ll do it myself.”

Sir Harry marched away from the bathing hippopotamus, and the frightened zookeeper. On he marched, towards the bird cage, carrying a cage of his own in a large wooden bucket ostensibly full of bird feed.



The constable technically didn't see Sir Harry putting the bird in the cage. When he saw the zookeeper entering the large aviary, nary an eyebrow was raised. Yet it did seem odd to see Sir Harry hand the bucket off to someone who didn't even pretend to work for the Zoo. Constable Rudd followed Sir Harry's confederate, who was a short man wearing a flat cap and a tweed suit. As Sir Harry made off to the secluded spot near the hippo-pond where the zookeeper was waiting he did so completely unaware that he had roused suspicion. He and the zookeeper switched back into their real garments and the zookeeper received his promised pound note for the trouble.

In the meantime, Constable Rudd quickened his pace as he trailed the short lad in tweed. The lad in tweed noticed this, and anxiously quickened his own pace. So distractedly nervous was the lad in tweed that he walked smack into the giraffe's cage. "Cor!" He shouted, his grip of the bucket loosening in pain.

Thud. The bucket hits the ground, sealing the tweed lad's guilt as a miniature bird cage rolls out. The baby peacock looked frightened in the extreme, exhibiting what plumage his feathers already displayed at his soft young age.

"Ay!" The Bobby predictably shouts. "You there!" The short man in tweed scrambles to his feet and dashes for it. "Stop Thief!" Although a crowd of zoo-goers join the chase, the alleged thief still manages to get away, and as Constable Rudd gives up on the endeavor, panting, he enters the monkey house. Mark is almost instantly 'recognized'. The nerve of the thief, Rudd's mind opines, before confronting Mark and bringing the tale full circle.

Sir Harry, something of an amateur at his new trade, didn't even notice a Peeler was present — let alone notice that he was being noticed. Though he managed to get clean away, none of this boded well for Sir Harry's future life of crime. In truth, if Harry Galton didn't hire a co-conspirator, Constable Rudd's suspicion would not have been roused and Sir Harry would have himself a male peacock. In time, feathers could be plucked and sold to the milliner for a tidy profit.

One may wonder why a gentleman, and a Baronet of the Realm at that, would need to steal a peacock from the Zoo. If we were to imagine that Sir Harry was a reckless spendthrift and gambler who needed to repay his debts, then why would he need to steal a peacock? Would his creditors be satisfied to wait until the bird's feathers grew large enough? Would the milliner be able to pay Sir Harry enough to cover gambling debts? No, Sir Harry was not in debt. His true motive was more avaricious than merely paying off debts. Although he had inherited (what he believed to be) his father's title, he was not actually in charge of his own money, and wouldn't become in charge of it until his twenty fourth birthday. His guardian was a banker who understood money too well to let a twenty one year old brat squander his fortune. If Sir Harry were to tell old Mr. Klagen that he needed a brand new tenner because he bet the ten day old ten pound note on a chestnut racehorse, well he wouldn't hear the end of it. On the other hand, if Sir Harry sold peacock feathers to the milliner, he'd have some cash on hand to bet on a real winner of a horse. This time it'll be different, Sir Harry thought. This time, I'll win the wager, I just know it. Mr. Klagen won't be able to thumb his nose at me, and in three years I won't have to worry about this nonsense anymore.

It was a capital plan to be sure, but there was one problem. Sir Harry Galton didn't have his peacock. His co-conspirator was lucky to run away with his liberty. The bird had been lost forever, to its rightful owner.



SECTION HATE

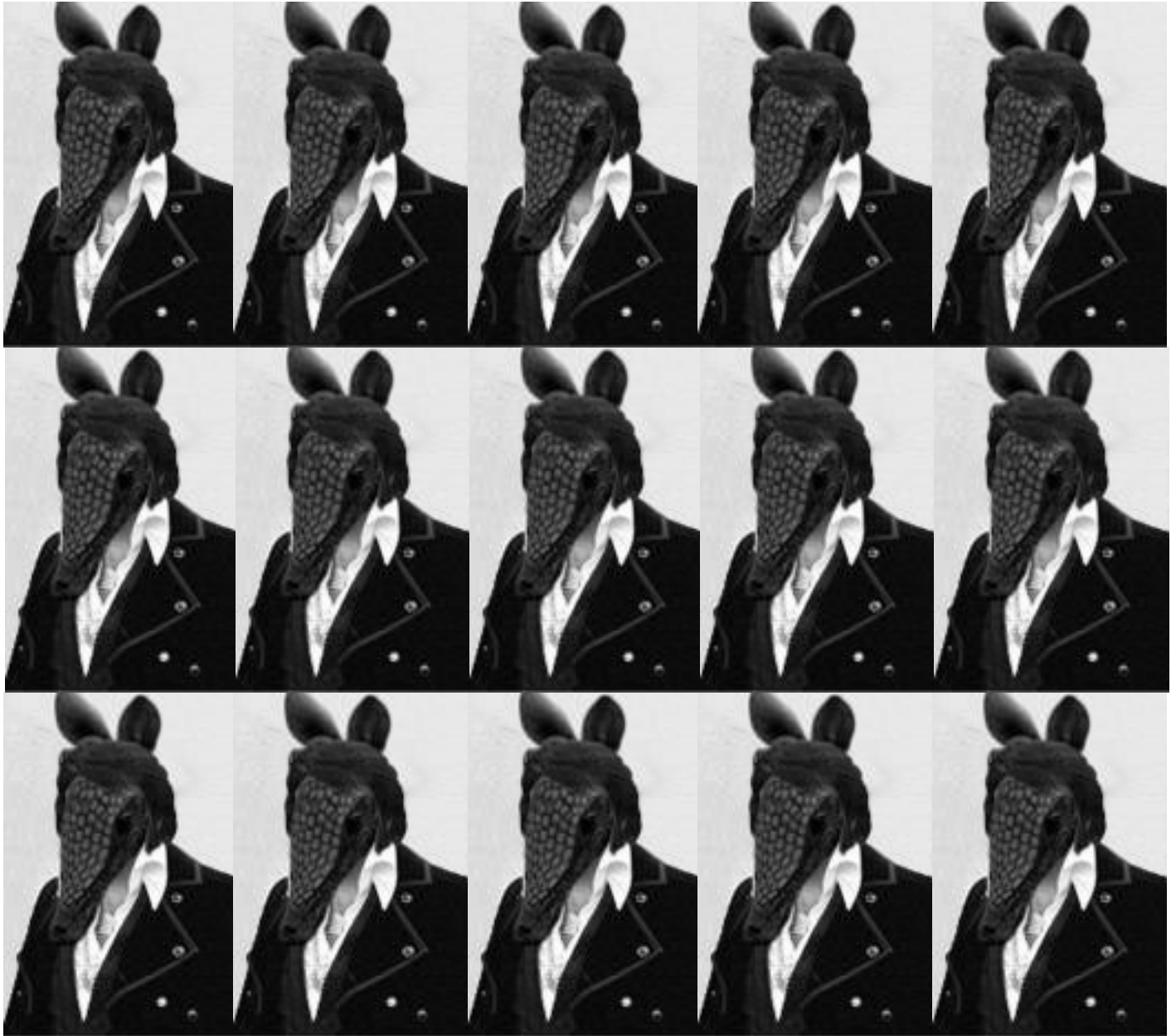


These are the Omen sheep. Like the Hampshire sheep, the Omen sheep are not followers. Unlike the Hampshire sheep, the Omen sheep do not have a guard llama. THE OMEN SHEEP CAN TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES AND WILL NOT HESITATE TO TAKE OVER THE HAMPSHIRE CAMPUS IF NOT TREATED PROPERLY. The Omen sheep are dissapointed that you have not submitted to the Omen. The Omen sheep feed off a combination of anger, spicy memes, and highly controversial articles. Do not be complicit this sheep abuse! Omen sheep like to be healthy and full of angst. Submit to the Omen or the sheep will find you and they will mock you for not having anything that you feel is worthy to submit to the Omen or not having the willpower to send them a simple email.

BAAA!!!!!!!!!!

submitted by Chloe Omelchuck

Admit it: You've missed the Elvidillos haven't you?



^submitted by: Shelley Rosen

**"HEY OMEN SHEEP, HOW
DO I GET MY CONTENT
INTO THE OMEN?"**

**SEND IT TO OMEN@
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